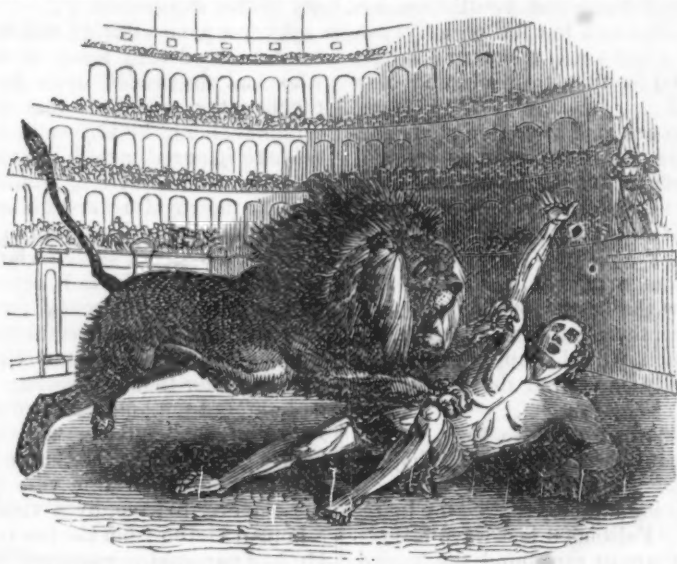

THE LADIES' PEARL.

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Popular Tales.

THE LAST OF THE ANTONINES, OR A TRUE TALE OF THE COLISEUM.

Some months elapsed before any new figure appeared in the arena. The carcasses of the beasts were removed, and the imperial actor took some refreshment after his fatigue. At length a new proclamation ushered in the lion. I know not what there is about this animal, of superhuman majesty and terror. His sublime front resembles that of Jove in wrath, but with the might and grandeur of the god, he unites the burning restlessness, the merciless and fiery anguish and despair of some evil demon who has for ages groaned in the lurid regions of hell. This huge beast was of an immense stature. Food had long been withheld, to render his ferocity more gnawing and desperate.

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As he trod slowly around, after a dozen or two ineffectual leaps toward the spectators, (each one again creating shrieks and a rush back among the crowd in the first gallery, as if the intense fury of the creature would have lent him veritable wings,) he stopped in the centre, and casting his malignant and burning eyes around, gave a tremendous roar that shook the whole building.

It happened at this moment that a dispute arose upon one of the benches, which disturbed the assembly. The quarrel was respecting the right of precedence, and at length reached such a height, that the disputants were beside themselves with rage, and totally regardless of consequences. At length, as a bright blade glittered in the air, at the scene of contention, a burst of indignation from all parts of the assembly almost drowned the roar of the lion, and a centurion grasped the uplifted arm of the youth who, forgetful of the imperial presence, had attempted to

strike his foe to the death. The noise of so immense a concourse is not easily quelled. A thousand various cries rent the air. In a pause of the commotion, the prefect of the city, at the command of the emperor, demanded the name of the offender and the cause of the dispute, and the voice of the centurion was heard in reply, stating the aggressor was the son of a senator.

'It is the will of the emperor,' cried the prefect, 'that the prisoner should answer and defend himself, if he hath defence to make. Let him speak in his defence.'

A tall and handsome youth rose, and said in a voice firm but full of lofty passion, 'Of what am I accused? I have but returned insult with insult, and blow with blow.'

'You are accused of contempt and sedition in the presence of the emperor.'

'Whoever makes it, the accusation is false,' was the bold reply.

'What if the emperor himself stand thy accuser?'

There was a moment's silence. All Rome knew the hatred of Commodus to the senators, their families and adherents. The very lion, with his huge yawn, and pacing slowly on around the arena, was forgotten.

'The emperor repeats to thee, Lucius Codrus, what if he himself stand thy accuser?'

'Truth is immutable,' replied the indignant boy. 'Falsehood is always false.'

A deep murmur ran round the crowd. 'Oh Jove!' 'Oh Mercury!' 'Hercules aid him!' 'He is mad!' burst from a hundred lips. There was a momentary pause.

'Ask him,' cried a shrill voice from the highest gallery, 'if he be not related to the family of the Antonines?'

This family will be remembered by the student of history as having been sought out for sacrifice by Commodus with peculiar anxiety.

The question was put by the prefect, at the emperor's orders.

'I am,' cried the youth, 'the last relative of that injured family.'

The presence of the emperor, and the brutal amusements in which they were engaged, seemed to animate the spectators with one uniform spirit of merciless cruelty. The same Romans who, without the walls of the Coliseum, and in the absence of their ferocious monarch, would have execrated his persecution of the Antonines, now courted his favor by loud murmurs of anger and revenge. Various

cries again broke simultaneously from the huge slope of faces.

'To the axe—to the axe with the last of the Antonines.' While others shouted, 'To the Tarpeian rock!'

At length the same shrill voice which had detected his relationship with Arius Antoninus, shrieked above the general tumult. 'The lion—the lion! hurl him over the balcony upon the arena!' A simultaneous peal of applause,—the ladies with smiles of delight leaning forward, and waving their hands in token of approbation, denoted the superior propriety of this suggestion.

After a pause, during which the emperor conversed with some of his officers who had descended upon his platform, proclamation was made that the insolent criminal should be thrown to the lion, but that the imperial mercy not casting him to utter condemnation, would deign to destroy the royal beast with an arrow before he had torn his prey to pieces.

Theon, a Greek slave, who was himself to be cast to the lion, and who stood on another platform ready for the leap, received the jocose gratulations of his friends. In the meantime Codrus, who was no other than our young *roué* who had entered the amphitheatre so merrily with his friend Sylvius, was taken down before Commodus. He had a large wager pending upon this very attempt of the emperor to save, by a timely arrow, a human victim from the jaws of the lion. He had personally inspected the lion before he made the wager, and had confidently betted that no human hand could save him from at least slaughtering the prey. This Codrus was a hot-headed youth, whose passion often carried him beyond the bounds of reason. The near sight of the arena and the lion, cooled his courage, and almost overwhelmed him with affright. Pale, trembling, sinking with horror, he was brought upon the platform of the emperor, who received him with a savage smile.

'So, Codrus, thou art the last of the Antonines! I would have spared thee, poor boy, yet thou must needs thrust thyself into the lion's den. But lift thy head. Die like thine ancestors—like a Roman; and thou must die. What, knave, kneeling! Out on thee!'

'I was mad,' cried Codrus; for he heard the lion roar close to his back. 'I was mad, noble emperor; my life! my life! my life!'

'Shame upon thy cowardice, slave and

dog. Thou meritest death, were it but for thy craven heart. But, off from my feet. Will the fool back from my feet? I tell thee it is but a jest, Codrus, it is but a jest; I will save thee, boy. By the immortal Jove! thou art as safe as if in thy own palace. Down with thee, knave!

'O, great master! I am young!'

'I tell thee, thou unfortunate knave, leave clinging to my feet. Come, time flies; the whole theatre waits; hark to their clamours! they are impatient for their sports. Come, thou who wast so bold and haughty in the portico, let us see thy bearing on the arena. See! the huge beast has actually laid himself down as far from us as he can get. By Mercury! I believe ye are afraid of each other. Come, out with him to the arena.'

'For the love of Jupiter!' cried Codrus, clinging to the centurion who had seized him to lead him forth.

'And hark thee!' cried the emperor, 'when thou art fairly out upon the arena, shrink not thou close to my feet here, or thou art gone. I cannot shoot down; take thy place quietly in the centre; dost hear? Smite the knave till he answer.'

'Emperor,' he cried, 'allow me a weapon!'

'No!'

'A single arrow?'

'No! I say.'

'But thy club?'

'Nothing. Strip him and hurl him forth!'

As the officers were about to obey, the victim, his eyes starting from their sockets, his face white as death, sprang forward toward the tyrant, gnashing his teeth.

'By the god Hermes! would the desperate knave smite his emperor. Hurl him forth, I say!'

And Codrus was literally flung upon the arena. He sprang to his feet, and clasped his hands together. One look he cast around. The huge monster was two hundred feet distant, and he had not yet seen his human victim. Codrus remained motionless. Once again he looked around upon the mighty circle of his fellow-creatures, piled up one above another, a stupendous wall of faces, and all waiting to enjoy the sight of a lion tearing his flesh and crunching his bones. A small arrow from Commodus, sent, not to injure, but to arouse the beast, caused him to start and roar, and then he beheld, as he turned, this unarmed, helpless strip-

ling totally in his power. At the sight, he shook his shaggy mane,—he lashed his huge sides with his tail—his eyes kindled like burning coals. He stepped slowly at first, with a deep awful growl, as if he suspected either that his victim was armed, or that some wall of bars or net-work shielded him from his fury. Step by step he approached—his tail moved more swiftly with the quick excited joy of a cat springing upon a mouse—his growl deepened to a roar.

'Now, Commodus!' shrieked Codrus. A low laugh of the emperor was heard through the whole concave. On and on, step by step, stalked the gigantic beast. His mighty jaws were extended—he tore the ground with his foot—he shook the very foundations of the amphitheatre with his yet more tremendous roar; glowing faces leaned forward over the balconies, frequent murmurs of intense delight broke from lips beautiful as rosebuds.

'Oh, gods! oh, Commodus! screamed the now husky voice of Codrus as the lion drew nearer, and he stood motionless; for terror had paralyzed his limbs, and turned him to marble.

'Oh, Commodus! thine arrow! thine arrow! He will spring! he will spring!' and, as his voice failed him, the wretch sank prostrate on his side and elbow.

'Not yet! not yet!' murmured the sweet voice of a Roman lady, a great critic in the elegant amusements of the day.

At this instant arose a shout, sudden and deafening. The arrow of the emperor had sped to its mark, and quivered in the broad chest of the beast; but the latter, no more heeding it than a flake of down, had sprung with mighty roar upon his prey; already his claws and hairy jaws were encrimsoned, the head of poor Codrus had disappeared, his limbs were torn from his trunk, and his bowels and gore had left broad marks on the snowy sand. A more successful arrow now laid the lion quivering on his back, rolling, tearing and biting the ground. A third stretched him motionless in death; and, in a few moments more, slaves had borne off the two carcasses, and had respread the white sand, so as to leave no trace of the event.

'Peace to the last of the Antonines!' cried the shrill voice from the gallery; and general laughter, and a peal of good-natured applause, rewarded the humor of the unseen speaker, and announced the

hearty gratification which the spectators had derived from their morning sports.

One other gladiator was turned in to another lion, but the beast fell before the first arrow of the emperor; and as if satisfied with thus redeeming his skill, the entertainments were closed.

A BEGGAR.

A beggar through the world am I;
From place to place I wander by;—
Fill up my pilgrim's scrip for me,
For Christ's sweet sake and Charity!
A little of thy steadfastness,
Rounded with leafy gracefulness,
Old Oak, give me—
That the world's blasts may round me blow
And I yield gently to and fro,
While my stout hearted trunk below
And firm-set roots unmoved be.
Some of thy stern, unyielding might,
Enduring still through day and night
Rude tempest-shock and withering blight—
That I may keep at bay
The changeful April sky of chance
And the strong tide of circumstance—
Give me, old Granite gray.
Some of thy mournfulness serene,
Some of thy never-dying green,
Put in this scrip of mine;—
That grief may fall like snow-flakes light,
And deck me in a robe of white,
Ready to be an angel bright—
Oh sweetly-mournful Pine.
A little of thy merriment,
Of thy sparkling light content,
Give me, my cheerful Brook—
That I may still be full of glee
And gladness where'er I be,
Though fickle fate hath prisoned me
In some neglected nook.
Ye have been very kind and good
To me, since I've been in the wood;
Ye have gone nigh to fill my heart;
But good bye, kind friends, every one,
I've far to go ere set of sun;
Of all good things I would have part,
The day was high ere I could start,
And so my journey's scarce begun.
Heaven help me! how could I forget
To be of thee, dear Violet!
Some of thy modesty,
That flowers here as well, unseen,
As if before the world thou 'dst been;
Oh give to strengthen me.

CROMWELL.

Somewhat apart, but undistinguish'd all
From those around, sate Cromwell. In
his eye
Collected peer'd deceit: yet withal blazed
A stern and steady fire: half hypocrite
And zealot half was he, and had become

Perchance, but that the dawning light then
shone,

A dark inquisitor, and fit to share
Those works of fire, whereby the cowed
monk

Was wont to *convince* the writhing heretic.
At last he slowly rose.—Silent at first
He stood as night: gloomy his brow, but
touch'd

And elevated by fanatic flame, that rose
Far from the heart. Like some dark rock,
whose rifts

Hold nitrous grain, whereon the lightning
fires

Have glanced, and left a pale and livid
light,

So he, some corporal nerve being struck,
stood there

Glaring, but cold and pitiless. Even hope
(The brightest angel whom the heavens
have given

To lead and cheer us onward) shrank aghast
From that stern look, despairing.

The Essayist.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

LEAF FROM A STUDENT'S PORTFOLIO.

It was autumn: the birds had laid aside
the songs of spring and carols of summer;
a sadness had stolen over the face of na-
ture, which created a solemn, yet so pleas-
ing melancholy that one could almost wish
it might last forever; when having stroll-
ed from my room without any direct ob-
ject in view or any place of destination, I
found myself in the midst of a delightful
valley. The sun, though fast declining in
the western horizon, still shone brilliantly;
and seemed by the contrast, to increase the
gloom thrown over the surrounding scene-
ry. On either hand rose gentle hills,
whose tops were covered with stately for-
ests, the foliage of which already bore
signs of decay; and on whose sloping
sides spread rich pasture lands covered
here and there with grazing cattle. Thro'
the middle, ran a limpid stream, murmur-
ing as if chanting the requiem of the fad-
ing glories of the year. The winds were
hushed and still, as if fearful of disturbing
nature's calm, sober meditations. Nought
broke the silence, except the mournful
note of some feathered songster, which
sometimes floated on the atmosphere as its
last farewell to the place on its departure

for a warmer clime—the lowing of kine, or the ringing of the hunter's rifle in the distant wood.

Sympathizing with the scene, I sat down and mingled in revery. I was carried back in imagination to the days of departed years, to the time of youth, when free from care and anxiety, I wandered, joyous as the morning breeze, over the fields around my early home. I called to mind the many happy hours I then enjoyed, unconscious of the evils of the world, and promising myself pleasures and happiness in an increasing ratio, when time's revolving spheres should usher me into more busy scenes of life. Vain delusive thoughts, how false have they proved! Those days, joys and enjoyments have not only passed away, and are now numbered with the things that were; but the companions of those days too, some tread a distant soil, and others have sunk to rest, and sleep free from the cares of life in the silent tomb. One in particular I remember—in whose loved society I used to spend many of my holy-day hours, and whose smiling face was requisite to complete every social circle in which I moved. With her I used to pluck the wild flowers of nature, and weave with them garlands, which alas, experience has taught, were no more fading than our youthful hopes and joys. With her I spent my youthful days in pleasure, pure as the morning beam. With her I conned my task at the district school, and dreamed of future bliss and future honors: and her I loved with a fraternal love, fanned by the buoyancy of youth, and burning on a heart as yet not soured by disappointments. Yes, her gentle form, in all the reality of life, now floats before my imagination;—again I gaze on those sparkling, intelligent eyes—that brow of snow, overshadowed with curling raven locks, those cheeks blooming with health, and those lips vying in color with the damask rose; and mark that light elastic step. But

"She is gone, whose lovely face,

Was but her least and lowest grace;"

and I have been called to shed the burning

tear-drop over her bier, and plant a flower upon her grave. How short the days, and how transitory the hopes of man! His time may pass joyous like the gurgling brook before me for a season, but soon as the latter in yonder rolling river, so the former will lose itself in the ocean of eternity. His honors, like the foliage of the trees which crown these hills, may flourish for a time, but soon will wither and decay. Bright hopes may over-arch his sky, like the bow of heaven, with brilliant hues; but the colors of the one are as evanescent as the other.

N.

THE STRANGER'S HEART.

The stranger's heart! O, wound it not!
A yearning anguish is its lot;
In the green shadow of thy tree
The stranger finds no rest with thee.
Thou think'st thy children's laughing play
A lovely sight at fall of day;
Then are the stranger's thoughts oppress'd,
His mother's voice comes o'er his breast.
Thou think'st it sweet when friend with friend,
Beneath one roof in prayer may blend;
Then doth the stranger's eye grow dim,
For far are those who prayed for him.
Thy heart, thy home, thy vintage land,
The voices of thy kindred band—
O, 'midst them all when blest thou art,
Deal gently with the stranger's heart.

GONE, BUT NOT LOST.

Just above the Highlands, the Hudson is widened, into what is called Newburgh Bay; it is a beautiful expanse of water resting against the hills, as if it gathered itself up for strength before it burst away through the mountain barriers into the sea. On the eastern shore as it slopes toward the bay, is a church and churchyard, as delightfully planted for prospect as any on the banks of this river. It was in this grave-yard that I first met, on a tomb-stone, the inscription that stands at the head of these lines, and the scene and the associations render the mention of the circumstance suitable.

'Gone, but not lost.' It was the tribute of affection and faith. It expressed in simple but graphic words the sad truth that one was gone, and also the sublime assurance that the departed was not lost.

Was it a fact? I confess it startled me at first. A few months since and the one whose grave I was standing by, had lived and moved, and filled perhaps no

little space in a wide circle of friends.—But the place was now vacant; the outer man had been seen to fail day by day, death finished the work, the grave covered it up, the worms had their prey.—And not lost! not lost! I reasoned a moment before I could be satisfied that the epitaph was not (like most epitaphs) mere rhetoric.

A broad and beautiful stream was before me. Its waters were rolling silently but steadily on towards the mighty sea. There they are—they are gone—never, never more to return. Are they lost? Every drop is there, as pure and perennial as when gliding at my feet.

A white-sailed vessel was just entering the gap of the Highlands; the summer breeze freshened, and bore it out of view. It was gone, but not lost.

The star that 'melts away into the light of heaven' when the brighter sun rises on the world or the star that goes down behind the western hills, or the sun itself that sets in glory is gone: but to shine again with equal or brighter lustre. It is not lost. Not a ray of its living light has perished.

A holy man in the early ages of the world, walked with God and 'was not'—for God took him. He was gone. The places that knew him once knew him no more. But he was not lost. He lived; he yet lives.

A certain prophet of the Lord was walking with another whom he tenderly loved; and suddenly there 'appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder: and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven.—And Elisha saw it, and he cried, My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horses thereof. And he saw him no more.' He was gone, but not lost.

A disconsolate female came to the grave of her best beloved friend, and she saw that his precious remains were gone, she cried, 'They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.' She thought in her sorrow, as most of the bereaved are wont to think, that she had lost her all; when one stood before her and said, 'Mary,' and the joy of life from the dead burst in rapture on her soul. It was the voice of her beloved. She had found her Lord. He was gone, but not lost.

This was a natural, if not a proper train of thought. A believer writes this inscription over the ashes of a departed

saint. Day by day disease wears away the tabernacle of clay; by and by death dashes in pieces the 'golden bowl,' and the wheel at the cistern stands still. But the freed spirit starts into new existence before the eternal throne, and like an angel of light leaps in gladness and glory unutterable and inconceivable. And is that saint *lost*? In a diamond mine is found a clod of earth that contains a gem of great price. It is taken from him that found it, and polished for him who owns the mine and all its gems; and now it sparkles on the bosom of the queen, or shines radiantly in the royal coronet. Is that jewel *lost*? And if the Monarch of the Universe could find, in the darkness of this lower world, gems that infinite skill can polish for his use, shall we count them lost when he makes up his jewels and takes them to himself? If he should send for these little ones that are this moment laughing in the innocence of their young hearts at my feet, and set them as stars in his crown, shall I break my heart with grief as if my children were lost. So Payson reasoned. I asked a friend whom I met after a long separation, 'How many children have you?' 'Two here,' said he, 'and one in heaven.' He would not reckon lost the one first found and saved. He was right. Of such is the kingdom.

They are not lost who die in Christ.—They live and reign and rejoice in the midst of the throne and the Lamb. Then 'weep not for the dead,' as though they were lost. They are safe where danger, disease or death will never reach them.—In the hope of a joyful resurrection, commit their ashes to their kindred dust, and write over them, 'Gone, but not lost.'—*New-York Observer.*

Sketches of Real Life.

From the Register and Observer.

ROBERT JONES,

A NEW ENGLAND BLACKSMITH.

Robert Jones was the son of the poorest man in the little village of Dalton, a town among the Green Mountains. His father was one of the many men originally of no mean figure, in his native hamlet, who fought in the war of independence, and brought from it, not only the scars and remembrance of battle fields, but what was well called 'the camp-fever,' that is a disposition to neglect his own affairs, to be oftener out of

his shop than in it (he was a cooper by trade), to tell long stories and drink 'flip' and 'toddy,' till even the old war and the Russians were forgot. With such habits the little competence, he had collected and his wife had saved, by diligence on his part, and the thrifty economy of New-England housewives on hers, was soon spent, and the soldier of the Revolution became the poorest man in the village, and what was then rarer than it has since become—a confirmed drunkard.

Robert was born in the famous year '75; the year of Lexington and Bunker Hill. The religious spirit which had come down from the past century, seemed to have reached a higher flood in Dalton, than elsewhere. It remained stationary till the war of Independence caused its healing waters to recede. We little know at what cost our national freedom was purchased. The price was not paid at Bunker Hill, or White Plains, nor yet at Valley Forge, nor in the Jersey campaigns. No, not even in the 'Jersey Prison Ship' where eleven thousand of our countrymen fell martyrs to patriotism and the cruel policy of England. No, the price was paid by the demoralized soldier, by the wife he deserted, the child he ruined, and the companion who caught the infection he breathed.—It was paid in the tears of widows whose husbands were still in the body, and orphans that had fathers upon the earth; in the neglect of Religion and the scorn of morality, which long warfare always brings.

But to return. Robert felt early the blessed influence of a mother's religion. She taught him to *read* the word of God in the Bible, to *find* it written in the flower under his foot; in the stars that twinkled over his head; in the water-drop which now shone like a topaz in the Rainbow, next toiled at the wheel of the village mill; then moistened the root of a wild brier rose, and at last gave brightness to its fragrant petals. She taught him that Religion is life; that prayer is something real; that God is never far from us; that Christianity, and Love, and Holiness and Heaven, and Rest for the Soul, though often preached up and believed in only as *names*, both then and now, were something real, and were the best and most beautiful of all things which crown a mortal's lot, or make up the life of an angel. Many mothers were then in New England like Ruth Jones

the cooper's wife, and many such are there now. They are the mothers of men. It is rare that a religious woman fails to open and bless the spirit of childhood. God seems to have sown the female heart more richly with the orient pearl of religion, than the same bosom may nourish the infant body, and give 'angel's food' to the young soul. Certainly the prayers, the religion, the Christian faith of Ruth soon became the life of the boy. When the father came sauntering home in '83, the boy in his ninth year was already baptized with the fire of the Holy Spirit.

We must pass briefly over the actions of years which dragged heavily to poor Ruth, and say in a word, that time in the midst of adversity perfected the work she so happily began. The father went to the tavern, and Robert went to the temple. His small earnings, won by the little services a boy can render in a village, were piously paid in to the support of a mother whom disappointment had bowed down, and of the father abandoned as he was. At a suitable age, the village smith, who was a kind man and loved to encourage merit, and knew that a good turn in youth often determines the direction and the result of a life, took him as apprentice to his calling.

The opportunities for intellectual improvement were certainly scanty at Dalton then, as they now are, when there is less excuse for the fact. The school kept by a *master*—not a *teacher*—lasted but 8 weeks in 52; and that kept by a *mistress*, who could hardly be called an *instructor*—scarcely more than 16, and then only for the little boys and the girls. Reading and writing, and a small knowledge of accounts were all the fund in themselves, on which master or mistress could draw. So the minds of scholars went hungry and bare. But what is in a man will come out, at least show that it is in him. There was the daily work of his trade, the woods, the grass, the stars, the waters, men and women, from without;—there were Duty and Faith, and Religion and Love, from within—and all these were the educators of Robert Jones, the Blacksmith's Prentice boy, the Drunkard's son. We need not say he grew in grace.

Years passed over him, as they have over me, and will over you, my young reader. His apprenticeship over, he lived on wages with the smith, and supported

entirely his mother, now ready to die of premature old age. The house where she bore him, gave signs that the boy was a man who knew how to husband his earnings. The decay of years was repaired, and the old cottage made to look 'quite decent like' and tidy. The father—'no man could tame him'—for the Evil Spirit of Rum possessed him, the Demon of the Dram-shop held him in thrall as the cat plays with a mouse. No son could hope to reform him. No, the Savior of the world opened eyes and ears, and loosed tongues stopped from the birth; he cast out devils, and raised the dead, and silenced the Pharisees—who have since got a voice again—but he never raised a drunkard from his cups, that we read of.

Young Robert, the smith's 'hired man,' the son of the village Drunkard—young Robert all sweaty and sooty, was an object of respect to every wise man in the village. The two deacons had both asked him to join the Church,—though ten years younger than the youngest member; and even Mr Plaintext the Parson, loved—good old man as he was—to sit an hour on the anvil and talk with Robert about heavenly things. Many a wise matron said to her heart, 'what a nice husband he would make for our Judy!' What if Sally Shallow Brain, and Anna Slender Waist thought he was 'not genteel,' what if Susan Little Sight declared he had the hardest hand in the village? There were other Sallys and Annas and Susans, with whom good sense and unblemished character go quite as far, yes, as far as 'yellow gloves' or dashy stick now go with some of my young friends of the female sex.

A few years passed over, and Robert had found an helpmeet, in an orphan girl whose forlorn situation attracted his notice, no less than her pleasant face, and sweet voice, and unobtrusive excellence won his heart.

There is something quite mysterious in love, when it flows naturally as in our quiet villages. In a great city the rich will marry the rich; and the giddy be left to the light-headed, straws and feathers naturally attract each other and conglomerate on the surface of the stream. 'Like consisteth with like.' Why should it not? But gold and precious stones just as naturally come together at the bottom of the stream and dazzle the waters with their light. Why need we tell the character of the wife of Robert?—

Because, the wise often wed like fools, to buy repentance. To Robert, so he says in old age, three things were *essential* in a wife, Religion, Good Sense and Diligence, and three *desirable*, Beauty, Sociability and Wit. I do not say she possessed these, though certainly she had the three first in no moderate degree.—Both were poor in outward circumstances, but both rich in a sound body and contented mind, in a religious heart, good habits of industry, economy and thrift, and in the power of self-help. Why need they fear poverty in New-England? They do not. So

'With bold affection pure and true,
These lovers grew all fear above;
While Faith and Conscience fed with dew,
The strong and flame-like flower of Love.'

When they began house-keeping in their small way,—and sure it was small enough—it was in the fear of the Lord. They knew one another, and they loved one another; they knew their duty and they did it. 'It is my part,' says Robert, 'to bring what is needed into the house, and yours, Sally, to see that it does not waste.' What if they rose early and sat down late; what if Labor and Prudence were their daily companions, and they turned a shilling many times before they spent it? It were better that all men did so. With all their labors and Yankee thrift, for they had this patrimony,—they found an hour in their busiest day for religious meditation and prayer, and often several for mental improvement in their relaxation from toil, and their Religion grew deeper as their minds expanded more wide. It was not their wont to trust their work to prayerless hands; nor to lay unthankful heads on the pillow of sleep. Yet many, whose hands no work of a manual kind has roughened, have no time for study; no time for Religion!

Many houses are there in New-England, like this little cottage of Robert and Sally; they stand modestly all over the land, and when Patriotism retires from the Halls of Congress, and the cities;—when Religion has withdrawn from the Pulpit and the crowd—both will take up their abode in these obscure dwellings, and cheer, as they now do, the fireside of the religious poor. Religion may be only an ornament in the eyes of the affluent and gay; an ornament worn on Sundays, or in the presence of their minister if he is a pious man,—and then carefully laid by. But with the poor this is not so.

Years passed over the Church at Dalton—and the cottage of Robert; the former changed little; the latter much. At first there were only two heads at the table—but little curly pated urchins gradually gathered around the board, till at last something like a dozen of sons and daughters might be counted there, and the heads of the parents not gray. The blessing of the Psalmist fell on the righteous pair. (Ps. cxxviii. 3.) Robert was one of the few who thought the best work of every present generation, was to take care of the generation now coming up to take their place. Accordingly his chief object was to give his children an education. Providence smiled on his efforts. His secular affairs improved; his former master made him a partner soon after his marriage, and as years came on, gave up the whole business, to the thrifty hands of 'the religious 'Prentice,' as the old minister used always to call him. The little garden, adjoining the cottage, tilled at first only before the sun rose, or after he had gone down—gradually extended, till it became a large farm, including the estate of 'Squire Seaver,' who soon tipped away his patrimony in half a score of years. The cottage itself gave way to a larger house, to suit the wants of Robert's rising family, and afford a home for his widowed mother. The smith had now a chance to educate his children—somewhat after his own fashion. With him Education was not necessarily the learning of Latin. He was perhaps himself the best educated man in the county, though he knew no more of Latin than the national motto. 'An educated man,' he often told me, 'is one who can use perfectly his head, heart, hand and soul. He may be a farmer, or a minister, and have got his training in the field or at the fireside, or in College.' He did not think it needful to leave a toilsome trade to obtain an education; for he knew that each trade demands thought and is itself a school for the head and the hand, and besides, affords as much leisure as any of the learned professions, if one will use it. All the learning of his children came from the village school, and the Blacksmith's fireside. Yet his sons and daughters are more familiar with history, than most young people 'liberally' (i. e. *expensively*) educated, and had studied by far more books that have thought in them, than the young men and women of the first education in a fashionable city.

Their pronunciation had something provincial, and they knew nothing of 'the last new novel.' Robert had spared no cost in his power to provide books, and all the means of a plain education for his family. But remembering how poor he had once been, and thinking it was a Christian rule, that the strong should help the weak—what was done for himself, was done for the village, for he improved the character of the district school, had an able teacher provided, and chiefly by his influence—for he became the chief man of the place—the school was kept all the year round, and a social library for the use of ALL who would read, connected with it. A little library was on his own shelves, purchased with money his neighbors spent for Rum and Cider, and other articles of equal value. His children caught the love of study from him. He read to them—and his wife, the long winter evenings, while she plied the housewife's needle; and still more questioned them on books they read, and the lectures, and even the sermons, which they heard; thus fixing the habit of attention deep and permanent.

More pains, if possible, were taken with their religious than their intellectual culture. He knew he must BEGIN WITH GOD, or we must end in dust. His first care, therefore, was to awaken in his children the sentiment of Religion, which when once aroused rarely sleeps again. In this as in all his works, his wife was his most efficient aid. God has sown the seeds of Piety more plentifully into woman's gentle heart; that she who makes the first, the deepest, and the most lasting impression on the young soul, may write on his forehead the name of God, and seal it for his service. He showed his children the goodness of God, in the world about us, in the happiness of the fly and the robin, in the majesty of the stars, or the beauty of an apple-tree in bloom. So that the first impression they caught of God, was that of infinite love, which is the christian idea of God. He showed them the beauty of that greatest soul which has ever honored the earth, and revealed the mystery of Godliness in the flesh, so that a little child can understand it all. He dwelt on what is real and lasting in religion, and taught them this, leaving their childish fancies to wander at will in the graceful imagery of the New Testament. They saw in their parents, what they read in the bible, and

other good religious books—of which Robert could find but few, that would not pervert a child's mind, and make it hate religion. They learned kindness and gentle affection from the example of their parents.

Why should they love vice? Their eye was open to see goodness, and they saw it and were glad. So their reason and religion were of one birth and grew up side by side in life. To this family the Sunday was a day of rest, of thought, of joy, of religion, and of love. It was not kept with monkish austerity, but in the fear of the Lord. A walk, after church, in the green fields, or a visit to an intelligent or a needy neighbor was deemed no interruption of the Sabbath.—With him each day was the Lord's day, for it was kept holy, and his own house the house of God, for peace and love dwelt in it. For these reasons, the Sunday was dear to him, and the Church profitable. The Sunday prayer and the weekly practice looked both in the same direction. Doubtless he had dull Sermons and prayers that smite and offend pious souls, but he made the most of the good ones and frequented most those places that taught him most.

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At eve his shadowy form:
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"You can keep on up to the garret," she screamed after me—and so I did; and there I saw a sight of which I, the child of affluence, had never dreamed! The lady had thrown off her hat, and was kneeling by the side of a poor low bed. Her hair had fallen over her shoulders—she sobbed not, but seemed motionless, her face buried in the covering of the wretched, miserable bed, whereon lay her husband. I looked upon his high, pale forehead, around which clung masses of damp, brown hair—it was knit, and the pale hand clenched the bed clothes—words broke from his lips—"I cannot pay you now," I heard him say, poor fellow! I could bear it no longer, and knocked gently on the door. The lady raised her head, threw back her long black hair, and gazed mildly upon me. It was no time for ceremony—sickness, sorrow, want, and perhaps starvation, were before me, "I came to look for a person to do plain work," was all I could say.

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find a brother in America—how she sought in vain, but instead found a husband; he too, an Englishman, a gentleman and scholar, had been thrown upon the world. Sympathy deepened into love; alone in the crowd, all the world to each other, they married—he procured employment in a school; she, plain needle work. Too close attention to the duties of his school; long walks and scanty fare, brought ill health, and confined him at length to his bed.

The shop from which his poor wife obtained work failed, and their resources were cut off. She had looked long, weary days for employment—many had none to give—others ‘gave no work to strangers.’ Thus I found them—to comfort them for a little time—then I trust, they found, indeed, a comforter in heaven!

The husband died first—died, placing the hand of his poor wife in mine! I needed not the mute, appealing look he gave me; I took her to my own happy home—it was too late!

It is a very little time ago, I went one morning to her room; she had passed a restless night; had dreamed, she said, of her George—she called me her kind and only friend—begged me to sit a little while beside her, and looked up so sadly in my face, that my own heart seemed well nigh breaking. I left her not again.

In the still, deep night, I heard her murmur, ‘Sister Anne, do not speak so harshly to me! O, mamma, why did you leave me!’ Then again, she said, ‘Give me an orange, my sister—I am very faint.’ Her soul was again in her own sunny home.

‘Lay me by my George, and God will bless you,’ were her last words to me.—I led my hushed children to look upon her sweet, pale face, as she lay in her coffin. They had never seen sorrow or death, and then I gave them the first knowledge of both; and then I told them of the sin, the cruelty of those who wound the ‘stranger’s heart.’

For the Ladies’ Pearl.

MARY—QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

(Concluded.)

No sooner had the Roman Catholic Church wrung submission from the nobles of England to the tiara of the haughty successor of St. Peter, than it prepared to kindle the flames of persecution, to awe obstinate Protestants, and to convert or des-

troy them, with faggot in one hand, and the ecclesiastical rod in the other—if they resisted, their death bed was to be the flames of old Smithfield!—if they submitted, they became the flames of ecclesiastical domination!

Mary, woman though she was, shrunk not from the bloody task. Sour, bigoted, and cruel, she was prepared to see the last blood of her kingdom flow, as a propitiation to the offended dignity of the Roman hierarchy. And it did flow in streams that dyed the soil of Britain in colors so deep, that time will never remove the stains—There they remain, guardians of Protestantism, talismans of power, watchwords of successful resistance should the politico-religious prince of papacy ever attempt to plant his crosier on the throne of England.

Dark and gloomy was the opening of the year 1555; for, with the opening year, began the flowing of protestant blood.—Hooper and Rogers led the van of that martyr army whose noble deaths are the disgrace of Mary’s reign. When Rogers was sentenced, he begged a final interview with his helpless wife and his ten children. ‘No,’ said Gardener, the brutal Bishop of Winchester. ‘No; she is not your wife!’ But Rogers did see them, for they met him on his way to Smithfield. He died in triumph amid the flames of suffocation and death. Hooper died in Gloucester. His sufferings were extreme. At the stake they offered him a pardon if he would recant. But, he preferred a martyr’s crown to a bishop’s mitre. The wood of his pyre was green, and burnt slowly and weakly.

‘Bring more fire,’ he exclaimed, as his limbs consumed with exquisite tortures, and as one hand dropped off. For full three quarters of an hour his sufferings lasted, when with triumph his great spirit flew beyond the reach of Mary and her papal crew.

Cranmer, the mild, the devoted, the venerable Cranmer, followed these worthies a few months subsequently. Once, when threatened with the stake, he recanted, but soon repented over this act of weakness,

and said, 'When I come to the fire, my hand shall first be burned.'

He kept his promise. When at the stake, he thrust his right hand into the flame, crying out—

'This hand hath offended.'

The fire soon did its work upon his frame, and the Archbishop mingled with the confessors of the ancient church. Mary continued these persecutions through Gardiner and Bonner, the remaining part of her reign. It is estimated that from the year 1555, to her death in 1558, no less than 400 persons perished for their adhesion to Protestant Christianity. Happy was it for mankind, that Providence interfered and removed her, after a short reign, to a higher tribunal.

Besides these persecutions, nothing particular marked the reign of Mary, if we except the loss of Calais, the last vestige of the chivalry and valor of England, in France.

Having declared war with France, at the instigation of Phillip her husband, who had now ascended to the throne and empire of Charles his father, in Spain, the English and Spanish armies, defeated the French under Montmorency with enormous slaughter at St. Quentin. To atone for this defeat the Duc de Guise attacked Calais, then but feebly garrisoned, and hardly dreaming of an attack as it was then, winter.—After a short but sturdy resistance, he captured the city, and the Lion-flag of England, planted there by the vigorous arm of Edward III, which had waved for full two hundred years on its battlements, gave place to the banners of France.

This was a heavy blow to the pride of the British people, and also to the heart of Mary, who observed, that 'after her death they would find the word, Calais, engraven upon her heart,' an expression that shews the keenness of her feelings on the subject of national honor. Would that she had felt as keenly for the woes of those, whose lives she so recklessly sacrificed on the altar of a cruel religious creed.

Forsaken of her husband, who, it seems, never conceived a very ardent affection for

his royal consort, grieved by the defeat of her arms in France, and goaded by remorse for her merciless conduct towards her protestant subjects, Mary expired in London on 17th of November, 1558. Her complaint was dropsy.

Thus ended the mortal career of Mary, Queen of England, to the no small satisfaction of the people. She has left behind a most unenviable memory. Perhaps the most lenient view we can take of her character is, that she was a *conscientious* bigot. Had she been fostered by a kinder and more benevolent genius than that of Roman Catholicism, she might have been a less cruel princess: amiable and lovely she perhaps could hardly have become, since moroseness and cruelty appear to have been inherent in her nature. Still, had the full power of the religion of Jesus, in its purity, fallen upon her heart, she had, doubtless, left a *better* name to posterity.

CONVERSION OF LADY HUNTINGDON.

Lady Margaret Hastings, sister of the Earl of Huntingdon, was the first of that family 'who received the truth as it is in Jesus;' and the change effected by the power of the Holy Spirit soon became visible to all. Considering the obligation she was under to the sovereign grace of God, she felt herself called upon to seek the salvation of her fellow-creatures, and the promotion of their best and eternal interests. Next to her own soul, the salvation of her own family and friends became her care. She exhorted them faithfully and affectionately, one by one, to *flee from the wrath to come*; and the Lord was pleased to make her the honored instrument of Lady Huntingdon's conversion, as well as of many others of her family.

Conversing with lady Margaret on this subject, Lady Huntingdon was exceedingly struck with a sentiment she uttered,—*that since she had known and believed in the Lord Jesus Christ for life and salvation, she had been as happy as an angel!* To any such sensation Lady Huntingdon felt that she was an utter stranger. The more she examined herself, the more she was convinced of the momentous truth. That conviction caused many reflections to arise in her mind;

and beginning also to see her sinfulness and guilt, and the entire depravity of her nature, her hope of being able to reconcile herself to God by her own works and deservings, began to die away. She sought, by the most rigorous austerities, to conquer her evil nature, and dispel the distressing thoughts which continually engrossed her mind. But, alas! the more she strove, the more she saw and felt that all her thoughts, words, and works, however specious before men, were utterly sinful before him 'who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity.'

A dangerous illness having brought her to the brink of the grave, the fear of death fell terribly upon her, and her conscience was greatly distressed. She now perceived that she had beguiled herself with prospects of a visionary nature; was entirely blinded to her own real character; had long placed her happiness in mere chimeras, and grounded her vain hopes upon an imaginary foundation. It was to no purpose that she reminded herself of the morality of her conduct; in vain did she recollect the many encomiums which had been passed upon her early piety and virtue. Her best righteousness now appeared to her to be but 'filthy rags,' which, so far from justifying her before God, increased her condemnation. The remorse which before attended her conscience, on account of sin, respected only the outward actions of her life; but then she saw her heart was 'deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked,'—that 'all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God,'—and that 'the thoughts of man's heart are only evil, and that continually.'

When upon the point of perishing, in her own apprehension, the words of Lady Margaret returned strongly to her recollection, and she felt an earnest desire, renouncing every other hope, to cast herself wholly upon Christ for life and salvation. From her bed she lifted up her heart to the Saviour, with that important prayer; and immediately all her distress and fears were removed, and she was filled with peace and joy in believing. Jesus, the Sun of Righteousness, arose, and burst in meridian splendor on her benighted soul! The scales fell from her eyes, and opened a passage for the light of life, which sprang in, and death and darkness fled before it. Viewing herself as a brand plucked from the burning, she could not but stand astonished, at the mighty power of that grace which saved

her from eternal destruction, just when she stood upon its very brink, and raised her from the gates of hell to the confines of heaven. The 'sorrow of the world, which worketh death,' was exchanged for that 'godly sorrow that worketh repentance unto life;' and joy unspeakable and full of glory succeeded that bitterness which comes of the conviction of sin. She enjoyed a delightful foretaste of heaven.

Her disorder from that moment took a favorable turn. She was restored to perfect health, and to newness of life. She determined, thenceforward, to present herself to God, as 'a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable,' which she was convinced was her 'reasonable service.'

The change wrought in her views was soon known, and persons were not wanting to urge the Earl to interpose. Recourse was had to one of the prelates; and the following is the account of the interview, which took place between the 'elect lady' and the episcopal dignitary.

The earl 'recommended her to converse with Bishop Benson,' who had been his tutor, and with his request she readily complied. That prelate was accordingly sent for, and he attempted to convince the countess of the unnecessary strictness of her sentiments and conduct. But she pressed him so hard with Scripture, brought so many arguments from the Articles and Homilies, and so plainly and faithfully urged upon him the awful responsibility of his station, under the great Head of the Church, that his temper was ruffled, and he rose up in haste to depart, bitterly lamenting that he had ever laid his hands upon George Whitefield, to whom he attributed the change wrought in her ladyship. 'My lord,' said the countess, 'mark my words: when you are on your dying bed, that will be one of the few ordinations you will reflect upon with complacency.'

'The prelate's conduct at that solemn season verified her prediction; for when near his death, he sent ten guineas to Mr Whitefield, as a token of regard and veneration, and begged to be remembered by him in his prayers!'

HE LED HER TO THE ALTAR.

He led her to the altar,

But the bride was not his chosen;

He led her with a hand as cold

As though its pulse had frozen.

Flowers were crush'd beneath his tread,
And a gilded dome was o'er him;
But his brow was damp, and his lips as pale
As the marble steps before him.

His soul was sadly dreaming
Of one he hoped to cherish;
Of a name and form that the sacred rites,
Beginning, told must perish.
He gazed not on the stars and gems
Of those who circled round him,
But trembled as his lips gave forth
The words that falsely bound him.

Many a voice was praising,
Many a hand was proffered;
But mournfully he turned him
From the greeting that was offered.
Despair had fixed upon his brow
Its deepest, saddest token;
And the bloodless cheek, the stifed sigh,
Betrayed his heart was broken.

Sketches of Travel.

ADMIRAL WRANGELL'S EXPEDITION TO SIBERIA.

A DEER HUNT, &c.

No portion of the globe, scarcely excepting even the interior of Africa, is less known to the civilized world, than the northern coast of Asia. This region being entirely in the possession of Russia, it was by that power alone that discoveries could properly be prosecuted; and, till of late years, its rulers have not been in a condition to appreciate the full value of such explorations, either to themselves or to mankind at large. The matters brought to light, therefore, by Admiral Wrangell's expedition of 1820—1823, the account of which is now, for the first time, laid before the world, have all the charms of perfect novelty; and of this, as well as of their generally interesting character, a few extracts will suffice to satisfy the reader.

The northeastern district of Siberia, visited by Admiral Wrangell and his companions, lies between the river Lena on the West, and Bhering's Straits on the East, and extends from about the 126th to the 130th degree of east longitude, and from the 62d to the 73d degree of North latitude. The expedition was a land one, its main object being to settle certain doubts which prevailed as to the existence of a great arctic continent,

north of the Siberian seas. An extensive tract of the Siberian coast was traversed by the party in the course of their enterprise, in order to enable them to cross the ice northwards, at various points, in sledges; and the result of these journeys, was the discovery of a 'wide immeasurable ocean' at all points which they tried. This obstacle, of course, compelled them to pause, and renounce the object immediately in view. But in their various routes on the land, they saw enough to render their expedition one of profound interest, both to themselves and to others. The little that was formerly known on the subject of Northern Siberia, must have often led reflecting minds to wonder in what manner life could be sustained in regions so cold and dreary. 'Here, (says Admiral Wrangell) there is nothing to invite. Endless snows, and ice-covered rocks bound the horizon. Nature lies shrouded in almost perpetual winter.—No one attempts the cultivation of any vegetable, nor could success be expected.' This must be understood as referring to the vegetables capable of sustaining man, and which, indeed, do yield his chief sustenance, in almost all parts of the world. Happily, however, there are in Siberia, grasses and wild fruits, in sufficient abundance to maintain a great variety of the lower animals; and it is here that nature has given compensation to man for the poverty of useful vegetation. 'Countless herds of rein-deer, elks, black bears, foxes, sables, and gray squirrels fill the upland forests; stone foxes and wolves roam over the low grounds. Enormous flights of swans, geese, &c. arrive in spring, and seek deserts where they may moult and build their nests in safety. Eagles, owls, and gulls pursue their prey along the sea coast; ptarmigan run in troops along the bushes; little snipes are busy along the brooks and in the morasses; the social crows seek the neighborhood of men's habitations; and, when the sun shines in the spring, one may even sometimes hear the cheerful note of the finch, and, in autumn, that of the thrush.' There is also an abundance of fish in the waters; and it is by means of these varieties of animal life that a comparatively large population are fed and clothed and enabled to endure the cold and herbless dreariness of a Siberian clime.

As in the case of the Laplanders, the rein-deer furnishes to the Normade tribes

of Siberia the means of supplying all their most pressing wants. The two most important epochs of the year, are the spring and autumn migrations of the rein-deer. About the end of May they leave the forests, where they had found some degree of shelter from the winter cold, in large herds, and seek the northern plains nearer the sea, partly for the better pasture afforded by the moss tundras, and partly to fly from the mosquitoes and other insects which, literally speaking, torment them to death.

In good years, the migrating body of rein-deer consists of many thousands; and, though they are divided into herds of two or three hundred each, yet the herds keep so near together, as to form only an immense mass, which is sometimes from fifty to one hundred versts in breadth. As each separate herd approaches the river, the deer draw more closely together, and the largest and strongest takes the lead. He advances, closely followed by a few of the others, with head erect, and apparently intent on examining the locality. When he has satisfied himself, he enters the river, the rest of the herd crowd after him, and, in a few minutes, the surface is covered with them.

Then the hunters, who had been concealed to leeward, rush in their light canoes from their hiding places, surrounding the deer, and delay their passage, whilst two or three chosen men, armed with short spears, dash into the middle of the herd, and despatch large numbers in an incredibly short time; or at least wound them so, that if they reach the bank, it is only to fall into the hands of women and children.

The office of spearman is a very dangerous one. It is no easy thing to keep the light boat afloat among the dense crowd of the swimming deer, which, moreover, make considerable resistance; the males with their horns, teeth, and hind legs, whilst the females try to overset the boat by getting their fore feet over the gunnel; if they succeed in this, the hunter is lost, for it is hardly possible that he should extricate himself from the throng; but the skill of these people is so great, that accidents very rarely occur. A good hunter may kill one hundred or more in less than half an hour. When the herd is large, and gets into disorder, it often happens that their antlers become entangled with each other; they are then unable to defend themselves, and the bu-

siness is much easier. Meanwhile, the rest of the boats pick up the slain, and fasten them together with thongs, and every one is allowed to keep what he lays hold of in this manner. It might seem that in this way, nothing would be left to requite the spearmen for their skill, and the danger they have encountered; but whilst everything taken in the river is the property of whosoever secures it, the wounded animals which reach the bank before they fall, belong to the spearmen who wounded them. The skill and experience of these men, are such, that in the thickest of the conflict, when every energy is taxed to the uttermost, and their life is every moment at stake, they have sufficient presence of mind to contrive to measure the force of their blows so as to kill the smaller animals outright, but only to wound the larger and finer ones, so that they may be just able to reach the bank. Such proceeding is not sanctioned by the general voice, but it seems, nevertheless, to be almost always practised.

The whole scene is of a most singular and curious character, and quite indescribable. The throng of thousands of swimming rein-deer, the sound produced by the striking together of their antlers, the swift canoes dashing in amongst them, the terror of the frightened animals, the danger of the huntsmen, the shouts of warning, advice, or applause, from their friends, the blood-stained water, and all the accompanying circumstances, form a whole which no one can picture to himself, without having witnessed the scene.

Sometimes the rein-deer hunt fails, and then the importance of the animal to the natives is shown by the most deplorable consequences. On one occasion, when Admiral Wrangell was present, the natives, who were waiting in a state of almost utter starvation for the appearance of the herds, were filled with joy by immense numbers of rein-deer approaching the right bank of the river opposite to Lobasnojoe. I never saw such a multitude of these animals. At a distance, their antlers resembled a moving forest. Crowds of people flocked in on every side, and hope beamed on every countenance as they arranged themselves in their light boats, to await the passage of the deer. But whether the animals had seen, and were terrified at the crowds of people, or whatever the reason may have been, after a short pause, they turned, left the bank, and disappeared among the

mountains. The utter despair of the poor starving people was dreadful to witness. It manifested itself among these rude children of nature under various forms. Some wept aloud, and wrung their hands, some threw themselves on the ground, and tore up the snow; others, and amongst them the more aged, stood silent and motionless, gazing with fixed and tearless eyes in the direction where their hopes had vanished. Feeling our utter inability to offer any alleviation to their misery, we hastened to quit this scene of wo.'

The Young Lady.

From the Boston Weekly Magazine.

LOST BEAUTY.

BY MARY L. GARDNER.

'Oh, sister, I was so happy last night, envied, admired, flattered, caressed—I was the 'observed of all observers, Fanny. You can't think, dear, of the malicious looks of Harriet Howe, when I made my grand entree—amid the homage of the beaux, who declared me the star of the ascendant.'

'But, Annie, was you rendered happy by the disappointed feelings of your friend Harriet. Can this be your enjoyment?'

'Why, Fanny, you know I always craved homage; I would be the glorious sun, attracting, by my lustre and brightness, all around, while such lesser planets as Harriet Howe should, in my presence, shrink to insignificance.'

'Annie, Annie, I warn you against the indulgence of such feelings. Do not, I beseech you, let your love of homage, of fashionable dissipation, of vanity, possess your heart to the utter exclusion of the holier, purer, better feelings of which you are susceptible!'

'Oh, sister! how prosaic this morning. I declare you should be installed priest of some tabernacle, that you might hold forth for the conversion of our wicked world. But I must away to don my best attire, for George Stanley will call this morning, and he must not see me in this dishabille.'

And so they parted—those two sisters—the one to spend the morning in decorating her person, or in practising those airs which might again attract that homage which on the preceding evening had caused her heart to swell with pride, envy, and sinful passion:—the other, to kneel in the privacy of her chamber, and ask her Almighty Friend to shield her young

sister from the seductions of the gay world, and lead her, in her youth and beauty, to the living fountain where she might drink of the waters of Eternal life; that the rankling weeds of vanity and passion might be rooted from her young heart to make room for flowers of celestial growth.

* * * * *

A year has passed since those two sisters were presented to the reader. A year spent by the elder in the quiet discharge of domestic virtues; in the enlarging and promoting of Christian graces, in strengthening the heart for its trials; in imparting kind counsel to the wayward yet loved one; in performing those thousand nameless offices of affection, which make the sphere of woman's duty, and create an elysium by the hearth-stone, diffusing a blessed influence on all who meet there;—by the lovely and beautiful Annie, in a continual round of dissipation, amid the glare of fashion, the homage ever paid to the beautiful, the corrupting influence of flattery and voluptuous splendor—where the seducing voice of pleasure was intoxicating that heart formed with high capacities, with noble, glorious powers of thought. Again are they before you. The 'fever spirit' has passed over that mansion, and the beautiful Annie was stricken.—Hour after hour did Fanny glide around that couch, administering the cooling draught, and bathed that heated, fevered brow, while the eye that of late beamed with life and beauty was rolling in delirium, gazing with unmeaning glance upon her, who was bending with agonized heart over the sick bed;—often and fervently did prayers arise from that chamber, that the loved one might be spared, or prepared for that change for which her life had so much unfitted her—that the Spirit of consolation might pour a balm upon their hearts, and prepare them to meet with unshaken faith the event. They were heard and answered; the dark-winged Azrael, who had hovered over the fair girl, leaving the shadow of his course upon the brow, marble and transparent as it looked, was gone, and she arose from her couch, weak and feeble as a new-born babe, but with the light of reason in her eye, coolness and tranquillity in her veins, and the smile of hope upon her lips. Her health was slowly, yet perfectly restored; but great was the change a few weeks' illness had wrought on that face. Gone forever was that external beauty, for the

adorning of which she had neglected the beautifying of the inner temple. The skin, no longer pure as alabaster, had assumed the yellowish tint so often produced by disease—the cheek might no longer vie with the rose—the lips so often compared ‘to luscious cherries parted on one stem,’ were dry and colorless—and those auburn tresses, which had floated over that swan like neck, had fallen beneath the shears when she was wandering in delirium.

‘Sister—George Stanley will be here in two months—but I will not, cannot see him! He shall not see this poor wreck of beauty; he who so doated upon my charms, think you that he shall see this wasted form, this colorless cheek—my head, whose rich adorning he has so praised, robbed of its covering, and cased in a superannuated skull-cap!’—and the young girl bowed her head, and poured forth bitter tears of mortification and wounded pride.

‘If, my dear Annie, he has loved you alone for your external charms, he is unworthy a moment’s thought. If he has sought you for a companion through life, merely because your countenance was fair, and your form graceful, his love is little worth;—but no! George is gifted with a noble intellect, a mind richly endowed with Heaven’s best gifts—and if he before sought you as one seeks a beautiful painting, a perfect sculpture, a lovely flower, or a gilded butterfly—now, Annie, now that the goodness of God has raised you from the bed of sickness, let him prize you for the beautiful superstructure within—for a glorious life springing up within your own heart, which when known, would sink all outward graces, however dazzling, to insignificance. And, Annie, if I mistake him not, better, much better, would he love you as the intellectual, rational, pious, thinking being, than he ever has as the merely beautiful toy, to amuse while thus gay and beautiful, but when age or the world’s realities might dim, to be a mere useless cumber, without pleasure on earth, or a hope for eternity.’

‘But, Fanny, I cannot become the good, the virtuous one you describe;—my whole life has unfitted me for it.’

‘Ask, and it shall be given you;’—says the Saviour. Go then, my dear sister—kneel and ask humbly of your Almighty Father a new heart; ask him to kindle anew those pure and virtuous sensibilities which you have allowed to be

overrun by the weeds of vanity and pride; ask Him, as a humble, penitent and much erring child should ask of her God for light and strength, and be assured that you will receive all, aye, much more than you can ask or even think.’

‘Fanny, I cannot pray—I, who have thought of prayer only as a church service—a set of words for surpliced priest, or prating monk—how can I pray?’

‘Kneel now, and we will ask God to enlighten the mind you have so wilfully blinded,’ and they knelt down, those two fair girls, and the elder poured forth a fervent prayer to the Almighty for His blessing upon her high-souled but erring sister, who was bowing in humility before Him.

As they arose from that short yet acceptable service, tears were beaming from the eyes of Fanny, and deep, bursting sobs came from the humbled one beside her, whose heart had seldom kindled with religious emotion. Thus how often is proved the fact that sickness and bereavement are blessings in disguise; that amid their hours of sternest trial, when to mortal view there is nought around but the blackness of darkness, there is unfolded to the spiritual eye a star of hope that leads the troubled one to the pure fountains of celestial light—that pierces the dark clouds of affliction, and unfolds bright visions of glory prepared for those who ‘by patient continuance in well doing’ have gained the Christian’s crown, and anchored their hopes in the spirit-land. So it was with our erring Annie. Earnestly did she strive for the evidence of a new life within—and day by day were her exertions repaid by that holy calm which was fast filling her heart, while the bitter ranklings of envy, the strivings for superiority, were fast fading away.

Much, very much was she aided by her elder sister. Together they turned the book, whose pages are bright with the promises of love and forgiveness to the penitent, and from thence did Annie draw sweet hope; there did she find encouragement, and as she perused the touching words and acts of him who died that the sinful might live, her soul was melted in contrition, and she arose from such reading with firm purpose to follow (with divine assistance) His glorious example; to assimilate herself as she best might, to his purity and goodness.

The months passed by, and at the expected time George Stanley arrived, ig-

norant of the change that time and sickness had wrought upon her whose image was entwined about his heart, as the object of his day-dreams, the star of happiness and hope to light him o'er life's troubled paths. Bitter was the trial to Annie. Dark thoughts of disappointed pride, of mortification, caused by lost beauty, came again and again rushing up in vivid remembrance, and threatening the destruction of her newly formed virtue; but steadfastly did she repel them, and earnestly did she pray that her mind might be strengthened against them—that such thoughts of envious repining and discontent might not find a lurking place within the heart so lately filled with unholy and sensual feelings, but which, by being so skilfully probed, was fast regaining its original purity.

The morning that brought George Stanley again to visit his Annie, found the two sisters seated in their sitting-room; Fanny, as usual, plying her needle; Annie, not yet perfectly restored, yet far advanced in a state of convalescence, perusing with much attention a book, which evidently excited deep emotion, as the pale cheek occasionally flushed, the eye filled with tears, and a slight tremor agitated the lip. As the sound of carriage wheels was heard, quickly followed by the well known foot-fall in the hall below, the stricken Annie, paled to the colorless hue of marble, caught a veil which lay on the ottoman beside her, and placed it with almost convulsive motion about her head, purposing to shield the poor wreck of beauty, *he* had so prized; but again, as often before, did Fanny (ever her good angel) interpose, and gently yet firmly taking the veil from her—'Annie,' said she, 'do not forget the high resolves, the virtuous attainments, the pure principles which you have cherished. Hide not this faded form, and should George prove at this meeting that he worshipped at beauty's shrine, cast him off as unworthy a woman's love.'

* * * * *

A clear sunset was throwing its last rays upon a country residence, whose embellished gardens and gravelled walks bespoke the abode of wealth, yet of chastened taste. Beneath a tasteful verandah, around whose light trellis-work sweet honey-suckles were gracefully twining, and filling the breeze with their perfume, sat a lady and gentleman, in the bloom of life, gazing with fond affection upon two

lovely children, who were sporting on the lawn before them, blending their laughing voices with the music of the evening zephyrs, and looking in their innocence and purity like some glad beings of a fairy sphere, come to gladden earth's poor wanderers with a glimpse of celestial joy.

'Five years to-night, love, since before God and man we plighted our faith, our hearts and hopes; and happily, most happily have they glided.'

'Thanks—thanks, George, for that:—often have I feared that you would weary of your own Annie, and turn to some brighter eye, some fairer face, which disease had not blighted, which sickness had not touched.'

'Annie—thought you thus hardly of me? Did you think that I valued you alone for external graces—for that which is as fleeting as the dew-drop upon the opening rose, fading with the first sunbeam? Listen to me, my own Annie,' he continued, 'listen, and I will recount the feelings of my heart from the commencement of our acquaintance, since I, captivated by your bewitching beauty, your grace and elegance, knelt in homage among your train of admirers. I gained your smile, aye, your love, and deemed myself blessed;—and well might I so deem—for you, the beautiful, the gifted, the adored, to give your heart with its wealth of pure affections to me—well might I be happy. You remember the succeeding months, how I lived but in your smile, hung with something like idolatry upon your every look:—yet, Annie, well as I loved you, (and God knows it was most truly,) a shade has stolen over my hopes, when I have heard you boasting of petty rivalries in fashion and folly—heard you speaking deridingly of your sister's fervent piety—when I have seen your lip curl with scorn at those less favored than yourself, and your flushed cheek and kindling eye denote that passion lurked beneath the beautiful exterior. I strove to forget that I heard or saw these, and persuaded myself that with your coming years, reason would show to you the danger of indulgence of unholy passions, and they would be cast forth as unworthy a home where dwelt the purest, holiest feelings of the heart. I left you for other lands, and parted with much of sorrow. I carried with me your image enshrined in my heart's deep cells, as its fondest idol. I mingled with the fashionable and gay, the wise and good. Be-

ing a stranger, I naturally spent many of my leisure hours at the house of my old friend, Horace Stapleton. I mentioned to you then, in my letters, his amiable wife; but, Annie, did it occur to you that her goodness, her purity, her fervent piety, her high and holy integrity, caused me unwittingly to compare you, my own one, to her; that I trembled at the comparison; when I, devoted as I was to you, cast in the scale your beauty and graces, in the other her unassuming virtue, I was wretched. I returned, (shall I say it,) with fear and trembling, fearing for my own happiness when cast for eternity into the keeping of one whom I had heard sneer at the pious devotedness of her only sister, and speak idly of holy things; yet I hoped, for I loved most madly. You know what a change I found;—and often, often have I thanked God for the dark hours of disease, which, by robbing you of external beauty, adorned you in the more glorious and transcendent beauty of virtue.

'But why did you not tell me all this,' said his wife, and tears fell fast over her crimsoned cheek—'why did you not speak to me of what you wished and hoped.'

'I feared, Annie, lest you would cast me off in anger,—and fondly, as I told you, I hoped that you would of yourself shake off the weight of pride, folly and vanity, which was clogging your nobler feelings. Thank you, Annie, that you so conquered.'

'Not me, thank not me;—'twas Fanny, who turned me, when enfeebled health and blighted beauty was filling my heart with dark murmurings, to find a blessing springing out of my suffering. She led me to the shrine of Mercy, and in answer to her prayers did my Heavenly Father give light to my path.'

'We owe her much, very much—and she is reaping her reward in witnessing our increasing happiness. And would that every one of the gilded butterflies, basking in Fashion's rays, might realize, as you have, how worthless is mere beauty, compared with the permanent happiness arising from the possession of holy, Christian virtue.'

SONG.

They never lov'd as thou and I,
Who minister'd the moral,
That aught which deepens love can lie
In true love's lightest quarrel.

They never knew how kindness grows
A vigil and a care,
Nor watch'd beside the heart's repose
In silence and in prayer.

'Twere sweet to kiss thy tears away,
If tears those eyes must know;
But sweeter still to hear thee say
'Thou never bad'st them flow.'
There is no anguish like the hour,
Whatever else befel us,
When one the heart has raised to power
Asserts it but to gull us.'

LAURA BRIDGEMAN.

The condition of this little girl, now about twelve years old, excites the deepest sympathy, and the progress of her education at the Perkins' Institution for the Blind, awakens the deepest interest. She is deaf, dumb, and blind, and is almost destitute of the power of smell, and has a very imperfect sense of taste. In the last Annual Report of Dr. Howe, we find the following interesting account of her mother's visit to her at the Asylum.

During this year, and six months after she had left home, her mother came to visit her, and the scene of their meeting was an interesting one.

The mother stood some time, gazing with overflowing eyes upon her unfortunate child, who, all unconscious of her presence, was playing about the room.—Presently Laura ran against her, and at once began feeling of her hands, examining her dress, and trying to find out if she knew her; but not succeeding here, she turned away as from a stranger, and the poor woman could not conceal the pang she felt that her beloved child did not know her.

She then gave Laura a string of beads which she used to wear at home, which were recognized by the child at once, who, with much joy, put them around her neck, and sought me eagerly, to say she understood the string was from her home.

The mother now tried to caress her; but poor Laura repelled her, preferring to be with her acquaintances.

Another article from home was now given her, and she began to look much interested; she examined the stranger much closer, and gave me to understand that she knew she came from Hanover; she even endured her caresses, but would leave her with indifference at the slightest signal. The distress of the mother

was now painful to behold; for, although she had feared that she should not be recognized, the painful reality of being treated with cold indifference by a darling child, was too much for woman's nature to bear.

After a while, on the mother taking hold of her again, a vague idea seemed to flit across Laura's mind, that this could not be a stranger; she therefore felt of her hands very eagerly, while her countenance assumed an expression of intense interest—she became very pale, and then suddenly red—hope seemed struggling with doubt and anxiety, and never were contending emotions more strongly painted upon the human face. At this moment of painful uncertainty, the mother drew her close to her side, and kissed her fondly, when at once the truth flashed upon the child, and all mistrust and anxiety disappeared from her flushed face, as, with an expression of exceeding joy, she eagerly nestled in the bosom of her parent, and yielded herself to her fond embraces.

After this, the beads were all unheeded; the playthings which were offered to her were utterly disregarded; her playmates, for whom but a moment before she gladly left the stranger, now vainly strove to pull her from her mother; and though she yielded her usual instantaneous obedience to my signal to follow me, it was evidently with great reluctance. She clung close to me, as if bewildered and fearful; and when, after a moment, I took her to her mother, she sprang to her arms, and clung to her with eager joy.

I had watched the whole scene with intense interest, being desirous of learning from it all I could of the workings of her mind; but I now left them to indulge unobserved those delicious feelings, which those who have known a mother's love may conceive, but which cannot be expressed.

The subsequent parting between Laura and her mother, showed alike the affection, the intelligence, and the resolution of the child; and was thus noticed at the time:—

'Laura accompanied her mother to the door, clinging close to her all the way, until they arrived at the threshold, where she paused and felt around, to ascertain who was near her. Perceiving the matron, of whom she is very fond, she grasped her with one hand, holding on convulsively to her mother with the other, and

thus she stood for a moment,—then she dropped her mother's hand,—put her handkerchief to her eyes, and turning round, clung sobbing to the matron, while her mother departed, with emotions as deep as those of her child.'

Var ety.

SOUL MASSES.—Cardinal Richelieu one day asked his confessor how many masses were required to get a soul out of purgatory. The confessor answered that he did not know, and that the church had not determined the number. 'I can tell you,' said the cardinal, 'about as many masses would be necessary as one should want of shovels full of snow to heat a stove.'

A Chinese widow being found fanning the tomb of her husband, was asked why she performed so singular an operation? She said, she had promised not to marry again while the tomb remained *damp*, and that as it dried *very slowly*, she saw no harm in assisting the process.

STITCHERY.—There is variety enough to satisfy anybody, and there are gradations enough in the stitches to descend to any capacity but a man's. There are tambour stitch, satin, chain, finny, new, bred, ferne, and queen-stitches; there is slabbing, veining, and button stitch; seedling, roping, and open stitch; there is sock-seam, herring-bone, long-stitch, and cross stitch; there is rosemary stitch, Spanish stitch, and Irish stitch; there is back stitch, overcast, and seam stitch; hemming, felling, and basting; darning, grafting and patching; there is whip stitch, and fisher stitch; there is fine drawing, gathering, marking, trimming, and tucking.—*The Art of Needlework, by the Countess of Wilton.*

Richard Cecil made the following observation, before his mind was influenced by religion—'I see two unquestionable facts. 1. My mother is greatly afflicted in circumstances, body and mind, and yet she cheerfully bears up under all, by the support she derives from constantly retiring to her closet, and to her Bible.—2. My mother has a secret spring of comfort, of which I know nothing; while I, who give an unbounded loose to my appetites, and seek pleasure by every means, seldom or never find it. If however there is any such secret in religion, why may I not attain it as well as my mother? I will immediately seek it from God.'

Miss Wilberforce.—When Mr Wilberforce was chosen member for York, his daughter, in walking home from the scene of the election, was cheered by an immense crowd, who followed her to her own door, crying, 'Miss Wilberforce for ever! Miss Wilberforce for ever.' The young lady turned as she was ascending the stair, and, motioning to the populace to be quiet, said, very emphatically, 'Nay, gentlemen, if you please, not Miss Wilberforce forever;' which sent them all home in good humor.

A Consent.—A girl was forced into a disagreeable match with an old man whom she detested. When the clergyman came to that part of the service where the bride is asked if she consents to take the bridegroom for her husband, she said, with great simplicity, 'O dear, no sir; but you are the first person who has asked my opinion about the matter.'

The Ruff in Queen Elizabeth's time.—It is stated in a modern popular work, that the most distinguishing characteristic of the costume, in Queen Elizabeth's day, was *the ruff*. It was worn of such enormous size that a lady in full dress was obliged to feed herself *with a spoon two feet long!* These ruffs increased at such an alarming rate, that in 1580, statutory laws became necessary to reduce them to reasonable dimensions. When these ruffs were first introduced they were of fine Holland; but early in Elizabeth's reign, they were made of lawn and cambric, manufactured on the continent, and imported in very small quantities, and sold at an extravagant price. A writer of that day, describing this lawn, says, 'So strange and wonderful was this stuff, that thereupon arose a general scoff or by-word, that shortly they would wear ruffs of a spider's web.'

A Courageous Lady.—A French lady, named Dangeville, said to be a sister of the Deputy for the Department of the Ain, ascended to the summit of Mont Blanc on the 5th Aug. She quitted the valley of Chamouni on the 3d, at an early hour in the morning, slept at the Grand Mulets, and reached her perilous destination at twelve o'clock on the 4th inst.—She remained on the summit of the mountain for about an hour, wrote some notes, and drank a health to the Count de Paris. The guides by whom she was accompa-

nied spoke in the highest terms of her courage, perseverance and presence of mind, and the cheerfulness with which she encouraged them, chatting and joking with them during the entire of the ascent. Previously to this successful trip, the feat had been accomplished only by one female, a peasant of Chamouni, who, on reaching the grand plateau, became exhausted with fatigue, and was carried by force to the summit. Made-moiselle Dangeville, on her return to the Chamouni on the morning of the 5th, was received with the utmost enthusiasm by the inhabitants, who proceeded to meet her, and fired salutes of cannon in honor of the exploit.—*London paper.*

Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be of age; then to be a man of business; then to make up an estate; then to arrive at honors; then to retire.—*Speculator.*

A Boston editor states, that of every thousand females who die of consumption, more than three-fourths are sacrificed by the prevailing false ideas of beauty of form, produced by the continued practice of tight lacing.

Editorial.

MEEKNESS.—Meekness is a rare virtue. Very few possess it, for very few are willing to study the art of obtaining it. Yet, there is no virtue more admired, more useful, more redolent of good, than this. It breathes peace, good will and quietness, like the soft, aromatic gales of Araby, over the wilderness of human passion: it scatters roses, like another Flora, in the broad paths of human life, and, with the potency of an Omnipotent command, it hushes the storms that agitate the excited breasts of disordered manhood.

True, the proud, the aspiring, and the ambitious, sneer and cry, 'mean-spirited wretch,' when meekness suffers, with quiet submission, the inflictions of haughtiness and anger; true, the giddy mass may pronounce meekness to be folly, but the 'sober, second thought' of mankind awards a just tribute to its worth.

Who that studies the picture of Pilate's hall drawn by the master hand of the Evangelists, does not reverence the meekness of the 'man of sorrows?' The pomp and circumstance of the Roman Procurator, the glittering of arms, the array of military splendor, and the commanding architecture of the Hall, are all forgotten, and the eye rests, tearful—admiring—entranced on the VICTIM.

It is not the scourge, the thorn-studded crown, the buffeting, the insults that fall so pitilessly on the sufferer, that rivets the beholder's eye. No! It is that calm, unrepining, mild, resigned expression of the victim's features, that steals our soul's highest affections. Amid whips and insults we naturally look for revenge, anger and threatening, but THERE we find silence! *pity! LOVE!!* What wonder, we retire from the scene with bosoms swelling over with intense, unspeakable admiration of the great Redeemer.

This is the tribute that mind will always pay to Meekness sooner or later, but if it fail to obtain this just tribute *here*, we may rest assured it will gain it hereafter, when delusions shall have vanished and every thing shall appear in its true and proper light.

AN EXECRABLE OUTRAGE ON HUMANITY.

On the day of the President's inauguration, at a ball in Portland, a man dropped down dead, in the early part of the evening. As the circumstance was observed but by few of that thoughtless group, the managers hushed up the fact and permitted the ball to proceed, *with the corpse in the house!*

Now to us this appears to be one of the most deliberate and execrable outrages on the sympathies of our common nature that the annals of our country contain. It might suit the meridian of Rome in the days of her barbarous gladiatorial spectacles; but that a ball should have been suffered to proceed with a *warm corpse* in the house, in the christian city of Portland, is abominable in the extreme. Why! even play actors, degraded as they are, would have

dropped the curtain and dispersed the audience.

How revolting! how sickening is the idea. One human being, summoned by his judge into eternity, amid a scene of trifling and folly, and his fellows, *ignorantly*, permitted to continue their gay trippings while every tread disturbed the clay of their dead acquaintance. Truly, the managers of that ball, and the occupant of that house, should meet with the cold expressions of public disapprobation. On them the whole responsibility rests, for they kept it a profound secret.

But what a place to die in! A ball room! Let those who would like to die there, frequent such places. For our part we should choose to die in a place more befitting the solemn change, and therefore and for other reasons equally cogent, we shall ever carefully avoid all such places of splendid folly!

CENSORIOUSNESS.—Some women seem possessed with the spirit of this dark, social vice. They appear to belong to the race of wasps, who delight in buzzing and stinging. These waspish bipeds carry their stings at the tip of their tongues, and furnish them with renown from the fountains of pride, malice and hatred. Every part of their *usually limited* powers seems taxed to keep their stings strong and active, and they pursue their tasks of stinging their neighbors with an indefatigable industry that would make them paragons of virtue were it better expended. We pity such women. They are unhappy in themselves, and disliked by every body who knows them. Their tints are feared, like the plague, by every quiet family in the place; and their burial would be rejoiced over by the whole town; in short, censorious women are moral plagues; and they should be punished by receiving the universal contempt of their sex.

☞ OUR NEXT NUMBER will be chiefly original. Our readers may look out for a rich treat.

CHRIST IN THE GARDEN.

(For the Ladies' Part.)

While na - ture was smiling in still - ness to • rest, The

last beams of daylight were dim in the west; O'er fields by pale moonlight, in

lonely re - treat, In deep med - i - - ta - tion I wan - dered my feet.

2 I passed a garden—I paused to hear
A voice faint and falt'ring from one
kneeling there;
The voice of the mourner affected my
heart,
While pleading in anguish the poor
sinner's part.

3 In offering to heaven his pitying prayer,
He spake of the torments the sinner
must bear;
His life as a ransom he offered to
give,
That sinners redeemed in glory might
live.

The entire Hymn is for sale at the Bookstore of E. A. Rice & Co., No. 95
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